



"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART,—TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1805.

MISCELLANY.

THE ANGEL OF INTELLIGENCE.

THE sun had passed his meridian splendor, & descended behind the summits of the western hills; and tinged the evening clouds with his radiance, and the mild lustre of his retiring beams danced upon the horizon; when Zadib, wearied with the burden of affliction, retired to the groves of Madian, to seek that consolation which had long been a stranger to his breast. In the groves of Madian might be enjoyed the pleasures of solitude, and in their deep recesses communion was sometimes held with superior Beings. Not all the gold of Ophir, the richest treasures in Arabia, or the unrivelled splendor of eastern magnificence, could procure the smile of complacency upon the face of Zadib: On his brows were imprinted the furrows of care, and sighs of anxious solicitude proceeded from his bosom.—“To what purpose (said he) are the gifts of nature, and the objects of ambition, distributed to me? Are not the arrows of death perpetually hovering around me, and shall I not be shortly numbered with the forgotten multitudes that are mouldering in the dust? My life has been a scene of disappointed hopes! The schemes of happiness which I formed, and fondly thought the approbation of virtue was obtained upon them, even these have vanished as the meteor, which dazzles for a moment, disappears, and leaves no traces of its existence. I have sought, in my numerous possessions, a relief which I cannot find, and a consolation which it is not in their power to bestow. Instead of that happiness which I vainly believed to be the inheritance of man, deep indeed has been the cup of sorrow that hath been allotted me!” He had scarcely uttered this soliloquy,

when the Angel of Divine Intelligence appeared before him: His appearance was beautiful as the rainbow that proclaims an end to the tremendous thunder, which shakes the arch of heaven with its tumult, and spreads dismay upon the hearts of men. At his approach, Zadib fell prostrate, and sought to veil his face in the foldings of his robe, while the language of adoration remained suspended upon his lips. “Rise Zadib, (said the angel, with a serenity beaming on his countenance, that pronounced him a messenger of peace) arise: thy adorations are only due to him, from whose hand alone was thy existence: On whom its duration depends: Who formed the basis of the hills, and before whose throne the mighty arch-angels worship with reverential fear! The secret recesses of thy heart have been penetrated, thy lamentations have been heard, and I am sent the minister of consolation to heal thy wounded bosom. Thou hast, indeed, vainly sought for happiness in those terrestrial objects, from whence it never can be obtained; the meditations of thy heart have not been directed aright; accustomed to earthly views, thy expectations were bounded in thy present state of existence, and the possessions of futurity were not the objects of thy hopes. It is virtue only that can ensure these possessions. Her glorious influence will irradiate thy mind; and as her pursuits are immortal, they are the only ones worthy to engage the attention of immortal beings.

Virtue will survive the transient existence of time; when the laurels of ambition shall fade, and the wreaths of adulation, bestowed upon the undeserving, shall wither upon their brows: when the empty honors of a name shall cease for ever, and the votaries of vice and folly be mingled with their dusty

original: her existence will be still permanent: she will be still rising upon the immortal wings of endless duration. Virtue will teach thee to consider the present only as a state of probation, and thyself as a traveller hastening forward in search of a better country. She will be unto thee a never failing friend, conducting thee to celestial regions, where uninterrupted felicity will be thy inheritance. But remember, Zadib, the means, and know that it will be principally by affliction thou wilt be fitted for those enjoyments. Repine no longer at the cup allotted thee, for although its draught may be sometimes bitter, there is inscribed upon it “Everlasting Health.” He who hath appointed adversity to administer instruction, hath commanded cheerfulness to possess thy dwelling. Be it thine to communicate the instructions thou hast received: alleviate to the utmost of thy abilities the calamities of others, and never suffer the tear of sorrow upon that eye, nor the sigh of affliction to heave that breast from whence it may be in thy power to remove them. And now, O Zadib, if thou would obtain the end of thy pursuits; if happiness be the wish of thy soul, and the object of thy perseverance; if virtue has any charms for thee; or benevolence, the brightest ornament of thy race, any attractions to allure thee; then listen to my admonitions, and let them be engraved on the tablet of thy heart, lasting as the momentous of antiquity, on the rocks of adamant. Then shalt thou wait with unfailing patience for the arrival of that friendly hand which will draw aside the curtain of futurity, and discover to thee the realms of an immortal paradise.”

The counsels of the angel sunk deep into the breast of Zadib: the clouds of his soul were dissipated, like morning

mists before the rising sun; he returned to diffuse around him the smiles of benevolence, and the beams of celestial hope were spread over the remaining days of Zadib.

The counsels of the messenger of intelligence are not recorded, because they cannot now be obtained; they may still be heard. The groves of Midian are still open, not only to thee, but to every son and daughter of humanity; for know, the groves of Midian are the deep recesses of the human heart.

CHARACTER OF THE FAIRSEX.

By Mr. Ledyard.

I HAVE always remarked, that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest, and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious, they are full of courtesy, and fond of society; more liable, in general, to err than man; but, in general, more virtuous, and performing more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency, and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer.

In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finlaad, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar, if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the women have ever been friendly to me.

EXTRACT.

Madame La Fayette.—This lady, the wife of a man, whose history is blended with two important revolutions, was a marchioness before the late changes in France: the family name of her husband was also both spelled and pronounced differently, being then De la Fayette; but the *De* being a mark of nobility, as having a feudal allusion (the French term it a *nomme de terre*) it was of course omitted on the extinction of titles.

Madame La Fayette is an eminent instance of the instability of greatness, the mutability of fortune, and the efficacy of wealth. Descended from an ancient lineage, united to an amia-

ble and illustrious husband, who possessed estates in Europe, America, and the West-Indies: She, nevertheless, has not been exempted from the most bitter calamities that can afflict suffering humanity.

When La Fayette resisted the commands of the sole remaining legislative power in France, his "widowed wife" was arrested. Under the despotism of Robespierre she escaped death only by a miracle, (part of her family was actually immolated to his vengeance,) but what to some will appear more terrible, she experienced an unremitting captivity of fifteen months, during which she suffered all the horrors of a close confinement, being imurred within four walls, subjected to a scanty and precarious diet, secluded from her children, and prohibited even from the light of heaven.

On the death of the tyrant, the voice of humanity was once heard, and she was liberated, and restored to the arms of her afflicted daughters. But she was a wife as well as a mother! and her beloved husband was still in bondage; for he who had endeavored to avert the execution of Louis XVI, (such is the gratitude of courts) was languishing in an Austrian prison!

She accordingly repaired to Hamburg, accompanied by her children only, for she had not wealth sufficient to hire a single domestic, and she possesses a lofty sense of independence, which taught her to reject pecuniary assistance, even from her few remaining friends. As soon as her health was a little restored, she posted to Vienna, and prostrated herself at the feet of the Emperor.

Francis III, is in the flower of his youth. The chilling hand of age has not yet rendered him morose; and surely victory cannot have blunted his feelings, and made him at once haughty and insensible! No! no! there is not a prince of this house, from the obscure Count de Hapsburg, of a former period, to the late powerful tenant of the Imperial diadem, who has had more occasion to find and to feel that he is a man.

Weeping beauty did not supplicate in vain; the German monarch raised her from her lowly posture, and promised better days. With his permission, she flew on the wings of affection,

and, strengthened by conjugal love, knocked at the gate of the fortress that confined her dearly beloved husband, whose speedy deliverance (vain idea!) she hoped instantly to announce.

The massive bolts of the dungeon give way; the grating hinges of the iron doors pierce the ears;—she and her virgin daughters are eyed, searched, rifled by an odious and horrible gaoler, and those who but a moment before, deemed themselves deliverers, now find themselves captives!

Reclining in the bottom of the dungeon, these tears cannot be seen, these sighs cannot be heard, nor can the quick decay of youth and beauty, cankered in the bloom, and dissolving amidst the horrors of a German prison, be contemplated. But the heart of sympathy throbs for you, ye lovely mourners: The indignation of mankind is aroused: The present age shudders at your unremitting sufferings; and posterity will shed a generous tear at their recital. Anguish may not yet rend the bosoms of your persecutors, but a dreadful futurity awaits them, and were it possible to escape the scourges of offended heaven, they will yet experience all the vengeance of indignant history!

"SHUT THE DOOR!"

AT this season of the year a few remarks on the subject of the above quotation, may not be inapposite. Much inconvenience and great mischief frequently result from what are termed, trifling errors; and although no very serious evil has ever arisen, to my knowledge, from the neglect which so frequently requires this command, still it cannot be denied, that in the aggregate, much vexation and real inconvenience result from it. It often excites, besides disagreeable feelings, hard scolding, and sometimes wicked swearing. It irritates and vexes—it makes us peevish and cross.

It is indeed of no trifling consequence, in a cold winter's day, to have one's door kept open for a third or fourth part of the time; and more especially when that door directly communicates with the "wide world." More cold air is admitted in five minutes than can be expelled in two hours—Hence we are compelled to a greater consumption of firing, and experience the loss of comfortable feelings.

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The sum of good manners, is to do nothing, unnecessarily, which is disagreeable to others. Yet how often, at this season of the year, is this rule violated by neglecting to "shut the door."

John Slovenly, often comes to my house on errands; but let the weather be ever so cold, *John* must stand with the door half way open until he has delivered his message and received an answer—so that if we are comfortable warm when *John* makes his appearance, we are sure to be uncomfortably cold ere he leaves the house.

Solomon Bashful is another plague in winter weather. He too must always stand with the door open until his business is accomplished—evidently for the purpose of securing a retreat in case of an attack. Ask *Solomon* to come to the fire and *shut the door*—"No, thank ye, I ain't cold, I am going in a minute," is all you can get out of *Solomon*; and as for *Betty Glib-tongue*, she always begins her longest tale, when she is going, and with the door half open, talks us into a fit of the ague before the latch is brought to the ketch, and her tongue between her teeth. *Jack Lazy* has a mortal aversion to shutting any door after him. He must do his business, and then if it be not too much trouble, when he goes out, *Jack* will *shut the door*—or, you may shut it after him—A plague on such folks in cold weather.

Again. My boy *Tom* (until I learnt him better) was in the habit, if a stick of wood, or pail of water, was to be brought in, of constantly leaving the door open until the thing was accomplished. *Tom* thought himself warmer out of doors if he could but see his way clear into the house again. *Betty*, whether her business was down stairs or up in the garret, must also have the door open, for it was comforting to her, if she was cold, to reflect that the rest of the family were in a fair way of being so too; and even my good wife *Jemima* now and then (not often though) makes a slip in this way; but as I took her "better for worse," it is neither prudent nor becoming in me to say much on this particular.

Indeed, Messrs. Printers, as you may well suppose from what has been said, I have had sorry times of it in cold weather. It is true, of late I have affected considerable reformation with-

in my own jurisdiction; but the world still goes on in the old way, and as I have much to do with it and it with me, I have ample cause, with the rest of my neighbors, of complaint, and am often compelled to cry out "shut the door!"—"shut the door!"—

This subject may be thought a trifling one by some to lecture the world upon in the public papers; but I mistake if the majority, at this time, do not *feelingly* join me and often cry out—"shut the door"—a plague upon ye,—"shut the door." On this subject I think it high time to call the *thoughtless* and *impudent* to an account. In our houses of public worship (especially since it has of late become fashionable to be running in and out during the whole time of service) as well as in our private dwellings, this too common mark of ill-breeding is becoming more and more observable. It is *shameful conduct*, let it be practised by whom it may; and it highly behoves heads of families and teachers of youth, to impress upon the minds of those over whom they have controul, (and upon their own minds too) the gross impropriety of the *neglect* here complained of. The eradication of this trait of bad manners will be of more benifit to the community than all the *antic capers* learnt at a dancing school in the space of an age. *A Friend to Good Manners.*

AMUSING.

THE THREE RACANS.

THE following anecdote, to its merit as a humorous deception, may add that of being a fact.

When Mademoiselle de Gournay arrived at Paris, she desired to see the Marquis de Racan, an eminent wit and poet. Two of Racan's friends knew the time that had been appointed for his waiting on her; and they resolved to be revenged on Racan for many a ridiculous situation to which he had exposed them. One of these gentlemen, about two hours before the time appointed, waited on Mademoiselle de Gournay, and announced himself as Racan. He endeavored to talk with the lady about her own works, which he had purposely turned over the night before; and, though he did not perfectly satisfy Mademoiselle de Gournay in point of his abilities, besides committing some gross blunders, she could

not, however, but think the marquis was a very polite gentleman. He had scarcely parted from her, when another Marquis de Racan was announced. She naturally supposed that it was the first, who had forgotten to say something to her, and returned for this purpose; when, to her great surprize, another stranger entered. She could not help questioning him repeatedly if he were the real Marquis de Racan; and informed him of what had just passed. The pretended Racan appeared very much hurt and declared that he would be revenged for the insult the stranger had offered them both. But, to cut the matter short, Mademoiselle de Gournay softened the choleric man; and was infinitely pleased with the second Marquis de Racan, who exceeded the first in every respect. Scarcely had this second counterfeit Racan taken his leave when the real Racan was announced! This began to exercise the patience of Mademoiselle de Gournay. "What more Racans in one morning!" she exclaimed. However she resolved to see the third.

As soon as he entered, she raised her voice, and asked if he meant to insult her? Racan, who at the best was but an indifferent speaker, remained silent with astonishment. He muttered something; and Mademoiselle de Gournay, who was naturally violent and irascible imagined that he was sent to impose upon her. She pulled off her slipper, and fell upon the real and unfortunate Racan with the rage of an irritated virago, and made him gladly retreat from a visit, where he had expected to meet with a very different reception.

Lancaster, February 20, 1805.

MARRIED, on Thursday last, by the Rev. Mr. Cummins, Mr. Robert Maxwell, jun. to Miss Harriet Steele, daughter of Gen. John Steele; all of Drumore township, in this county.

—, on Sunday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg, Mr. Jonas Metzger, to Mrs. Mary Lauman, all of this borough.

DIED, Mr. James Ross, jun. son of General James Ross, of this borough. He was on his passage from Washington, North-Carolina, to New-York. In attempting to go on shore, at the castle, in company with a passenger, the boat got into the breakers, and both were drowned. Thus has fallen an active and enterprising young man, whose loss will be long deplored by his fond parents and friends.

THE HIVE.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

VIRTUE, a *Parody*—addressed to ELIZA.

THOU friend of man, fix thy firm standard here;
Conceiv'd in Heaven, and by the Graces born:
At thy approach rude passions disappear,
And *Calumny* in black detested form.
Then come, sweet *Virtue*, with thy heaven-born train,
Here fix, nor leave thy faithful friends again.

When vile detraction would thy pow'r reject :
Firm as a rock thou'rt fix'd by hands divine ;
Aided by Heaven, thy votaries select—
And be the conquest ever, ever thine !
Sweet *Innocence*, thy bosom friend and thee,
Shall live (though slander rails) for ever free.

Image of good, to every vice a foe :
Though *Calumny* with poison'd tongue of gall,
Would stain thy spotless soul ; it cannot go
O'er Heaven's prescribed bounds—a dreadful fall
Awaits the monster to his native hell,
With other fends eternally to dwell. E.

THE BLOSSOMS.

I'VE seen the tender rose-bud bloom,
Surcharg'd with morning's early dew,
And, loaded with each choice perfume,
Expand its treasures to the view :
Awhile to boast its pleasing pow'r—
Awhile to deck th' empurpled mead,
Where summer paints his genial bow'r,
And fairy forms and spirits tread.

I've seen the lily of the vale
With sweetest, fairest fragrance bloom,
And sigh to ev'ry passing gale,
Unconscious of approaching doom :

I've seen the chill night-wind arise,
All dark, and dreary, and forlorn,
Commission'd by inclement skies,
To blight the blossoms of the morn.

... have I seen (with sorrow prest)
The cheek of thoughtless beauty glow ;
And oft have sigh'd, with swollen breast,
And oft have dropp'd the tear of woe :
And, while I wept, with anguish'd eye,
The transient lustre of the fair,
Unseen, unheeded, fate came by,
And fix'd a deadly arrow there ! IRA.

EFFUSIONS OF THE HEART.

WHY sweeps my hand the sounding lyre ?
Why should I raise the tuneful strain ?
In silence let the notes expire,
Or only warble to complain,
Since He, to whom the strains belong,
No longer listens to the song.

Why should I court the sacred nine ?
Why call Appollo to my aid ?
Why wreaths of evergreen entwine ?
And bid the chaplet never fade.
Since He, for whom the wreath was wove,
Sees not the token of my love.

Then hush, my muse ; my lyre, be still,
Nor shall thy notes responsive more
Wake echo on the silver rill,
Or bid her die along the shore,
'Till He returns, and once again,
Shall bid me raise for him the strain.

I'd catch the music of the spheres,
I'd steal Appollo's magic art,
To charm his soul, and through his ears,
Find out a passage to his heart ;
That heart in silken fetters bind,
And give my sorrows to the wind. L.

[The following BALLAD, though the subject is not new, must be delicious to every tender-hearted mother.]

'TWAS on a cliff, whose rocky base
Baffled the briny wave ;
Whose cultur'd heights their verdant store
To many a tenant gave :

A mother, led by rustic cares,
Had wander'd with her child ;
Unwean'd the babe—yet on the grass
He frolic'd and he smil'd.

With what delight the mother glow'd
To mark the infant's joy ;
How oft would pause, amidst her toil,
To contemplate her boy ?

Yet soon, by other cares estrang'd,
Her thoughts the child forsook ;
Careless he wanton'd on the ground,
Nor caught his mother's look.

Cropt was each flow'r that met his eye,
'Till scrambling o'er the green,
He gain'd the clif's unshelter'd edge,
And pleas'd survey'd the scene !

Twas now the mother, from her toil,
Turn'd to behold her child—
The urchin gone !—her cheeks were flush'd !
Her wand'ring eye was wild !

She saw him on the cliff's rude brink !—
Now careless peeping o'er !—
He turn'd and to his mother smil'd,
Then sported as before !

Sunk was her voice—'twas vain to fly—
'Twas vain the brink to brave—
Oh Nature ! it was thine alone
To prompt the means to save !

She tore the 'kerchief from her breast,
And laid her bosom bare—
He saw, delighted—left the brink,
And ran to banquet there.

A BALLAD.

WHILE women, like soft music's charms,
So sweetly bliss dispenses,
Some favorite part each fair performs,
In the concert of the senses.
Love, great first fiddle in the band,
Each passion quells and raises,

Exploring, with a master's hand,
Nice modulation's mazes ;
'Till the rapt soul, supremely blest,
Beams brightly in each feature ;
And lovely woman stands confess,
The harmony of nature.

Hark ! with the pensive, in duet,
The sprightly horn it mingles !
The prude's the flute, and the Coquette
The lively harp that tingles !
One boldly sweeps the yielding strings,
While plaintive t'other prates it ;
Like Cesar, this to victory springs,
Like Fabius that awaits it.
With various gifts to make us blest,
Love skills each charming creature :
Thus, lovely woman stands confess
The harmony of nature.

Maids are of virginals the type,
Widows the growling tymbal,
Scolds are the shrill and piercing pipe,
Flirts are the wiry cymbal.
All wives piano fortés are,
The bass, how old maids thump it,
The bugle horn are archers fair,
An amazon's a trumpet.
Thus, with rare gifts to make us blest,
Love skills his favorite creature,
And thus sweet woman stands confess
The harmony of nature.

[P. Fol.]

STANZAS.

BY THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

OH, woman, if by simple wile,
Thy soul has stray'd from honor's track,
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle means, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay,
As clouds that sully morning skies,
May all be swept in showers away.

Go, go—be innocent and live,
The tongues of men may wound thee sore,
But heaven, in pity, can forgive,
And bids thee go, and sin no more.)

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